

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
 The hope and expectaion of thy time,
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
 Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
 So common hackneid in the eies of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
 Had still kept loyall to possession,
 And left me in reputeles banishment.
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
 By being seldome seene, I could not stir
 But like a Comet I was wondred at,
 That men would tell their Children, This is he:
 Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
 And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie,
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
 Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes
 Euen in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontificall,
 Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
 And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
 And gaue his countenance against his name,
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
 Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enforc't himselfe to popularity,
 That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,
 They surfett'd with hony, and began to loath
 The tast of sweetnes, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by much to
 So when he had occasion to be se
 He was, but as the Cuckow is in
 Heard, not regarded: seene but
 As sicke and blunted with comm
 Afford no extraordinarie gaze.
 Such as is bent on sun-like Maie
 When it shines seldome in admir
 But rather drowzd, and hung thei
 Slept in his face, and rendred such
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their
 Being with his presence, glutted, g
 And in that very line, *Harry stand*
 For, thou hast lost thy Princely p
 with vile participation, Not an eye
 But is a weary of thy common fig
 Saue mine, which hath desired to
 Which now doth that I would no
 Make blind it selfe with foolish ten
Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice
 Be more my selfe. *King.* For all t
 As thou art to this howre, was *Rich*
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ra*
 And euen as I was then, is *Percy* no
 Now by my scepter and my soule t
 He hath more worthy interest to th
 Then thou, the shadow of successi
 For of no right nor colour like to ri
 He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in th
 Turns head against the Lyons arm
 And being no more indebt to year
 Leadst ancient Lords, and reuerent
 To bloody battels, and to brusing a
 What neuer dying honor hath he g
 Against renouued *Douglas*? whose
 Whose hot incursions and great na
 Holds from all Souldiers chiefe mai
 And military title capitall.

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